

INDEPENDENT COLORED MEN

LEADERS AMONG THEIR RACE WHO CHOOSE THEIR OWN POLICE.

Chief sketches of James C. Matthews, Peter H. Clark, William Still, George Downing, and Robert Purvis—Their Good Work.

Since 1870 there has been a steady tendency on the part of colored men of position and influence to place the political affiliations of the race upon a more profitable and equitable basis. The progress has been slow, but steady. The masses of the race show a ready disposition to "reason the matter out" with the old-time leaders who have been permitted to enjoy some of the good things of the Republic, and therefore are reluctant to turn away from the path of Egypt. The advent of the Democratic party to power has brought out in bold relief not a few colored men who in long pursued by the Republican party toward colored men, as well as to the classiness with which colored men have supported the Republican party since the adoption of the amendment conferring upon them the right of franchise.

Among these men none has been more conspicuously before the public eye during the past six months than James Campbell Matthews of Albany, who was appointed by President Cleveland as Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia.

Matthews was born in New Haven on Nov. 6, 1846. His father was a barber. Soon after James was born, his mother died, and he was reared by his father and his mother's sister, Mrs. Mary Matthews. He attended the public schools, and in 1860 he received a scholarship in a competitive examination, and entered the Boys' Academy at Albany, where he remained for two years.

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HOW THE RUNNER TRAINS.

CHAMPION MYERS ON FOOT RACING.

Why Most Men Believe That They Are Born Sprinters. George Downing.

A good many years ago somebody formulated the adage: "You can't improve on nature," and such is the force of epigrammatic statement that to this day there are lots of people who think that the adage conveys the truth. But it does not, and in no more conspicuous way than in the case of foot racing. It is a well-known fact that the best runners are not born sprinters, but are made by training.

George Downing.

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A HANDSOME MEMORIAL.

THE NEW BUILDING IN THE REAR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

A Place in which the Executive Moving Work of the Church can be carried on. St. George's Church, when the Rev. W. S. Rainford was called to its charge, was little more than a memory of its former self. The famous altar by Minors, Tyng, and Williams all belonged to the past. For a year and a half the church was in a state of prostration, and the congregation was reduced to a few stragglers.

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CAPT. HOLCOMB'S MILLIONS.

THE FORTUNE LEFT BY A YANKEE SHIPMASTER IN THE ANTIPODES.

The Captain's Successful Work at Trading—His Establishment on the Island of Yap. His Death at the Hands of Pirates.

In the quiet old Connecticut town of Granby, about fifteen miles from Hartford, there has lived since colonial days a family of Holcombs. They were farmers, like almost everybody else there. Into one branch of the family there was born about sixty years ago Clayton P. Holcomb. He had a brother and a sister, Clayton when a boy resolved to leave the homestead and seek his fortune out in the world. He had a passion for the sea, though he had never seen it, and before he was 20 he was on his way to Bedford and shipped in a whaling vessel before the mast. His brother remained on the homestead, while his sister, when she grew up, married a carpenter in Suffield, Conn., named Manuel Gutierrez. Yesterday Mrs. Gutierrez was in the city looking for information in the attempt which she is making to claim for the Spanish Government the fortune which her brother, Capt. Clayton W. Holcomb, is reported to have left, mainly at the Caroline Islands in the South Pacific. It has been reported in Spanish papers to have been as great as \$50,000,000.

It was not long after young Clayton went before the mast that he became Captain of the whaling ship Chandler Price, which was sold at the time of the war and taken South as the ship of the whaling company. Afterward commanding other whaling vessels, he made a fortune over the world. He never forgot his home, and wrote often to his mother and sister. At long intervals he came home to Granby. The last time he was seen was about a year ago. One day while on the last visit he was shot by pirates when he returned home to tell his sister that he had made his will.

"I don't expect to die for some time yet," he said, "but I can't tell what may happen. I wanted to fix it so that if I should die my sister would be able to claim the fortune. I told her that when I died, she should have the fortune. I told her that when I died, she should have the fortune. I told her that when I died, she should have the fortune."

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TIME BRINGS CHANGES.

The Rev. Mr. Dooley's Recollections of a Decade.

It was cold and stormy in this city on the night of Dec. 10, 1876, and the ground was covered with snow. There was a fire in the Fourteenth ward that night, and every boy in that populous part of the town witnessed the spectacle. It was no doubt a brave night in those days of red-shirted, bronze-limbed volunteers, and the scene was a most impressive one.

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THE TABERNACLE IN A STRIKING BUILDING.

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